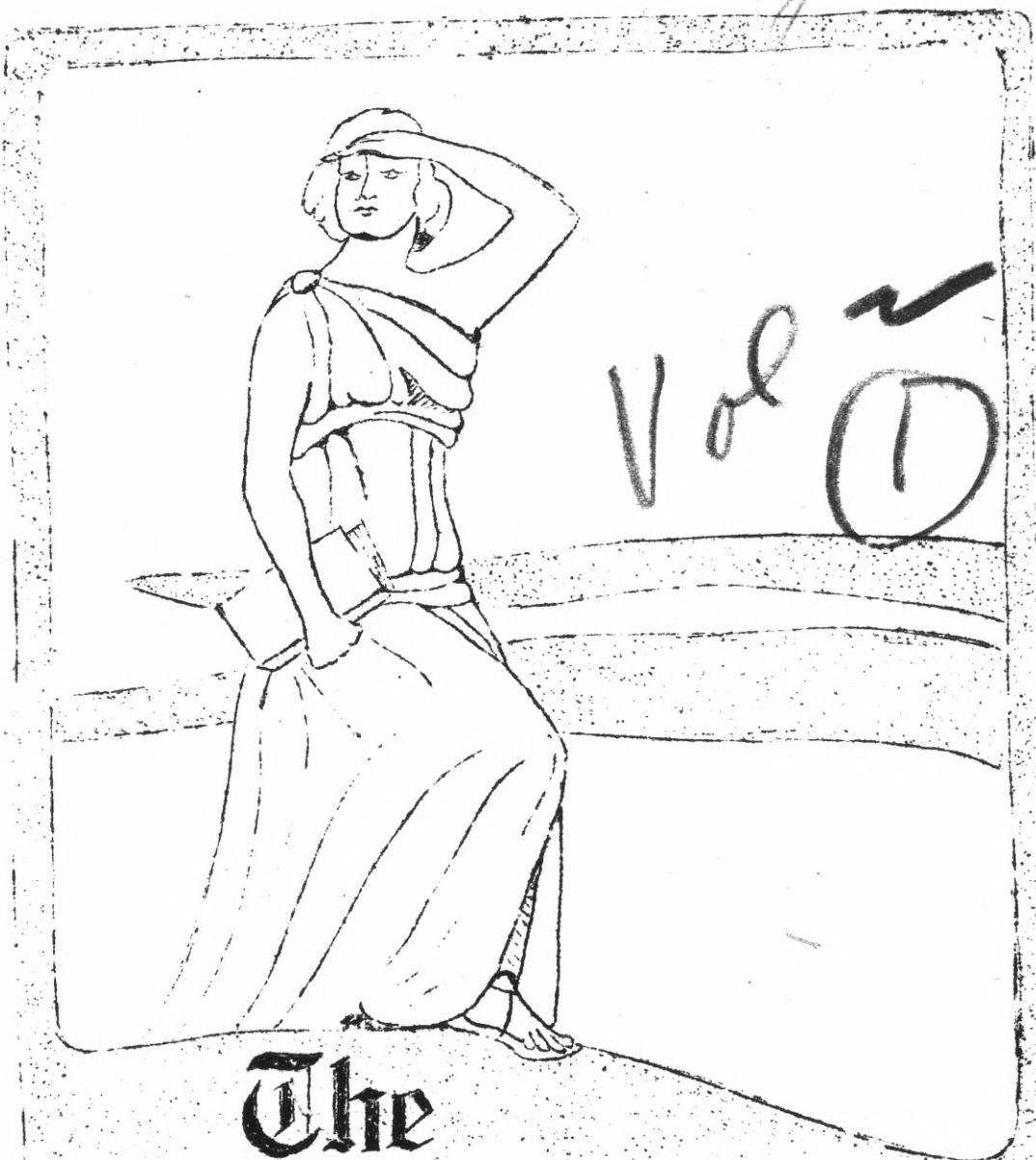


*Myers*



*Vol 1*

# The Vigilante

*S.F.S.J.C.*

# THE VIGILANTE

A MONTHLY PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE  
SAN FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

JANUARY 1924

"WE COME IN SEARCH OF TRUTH"

VOL.2. NO.1

## CORNERSTONE TO BE LAID

Sometime between February 20 to 29 the cornerstone for the new gymnasium will be laid. Plans are being made for an appropriate ceremony.

## NEW STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

One of the outstanding events of the last week of school before the Christmas holidays was the election of new officers for the Student Body. The results were as follows: Dorothy Prentice was elected President, and Margaret Cavanaugh Vice-President. For Treasurer Marion Dechart was elected, and for Secretary, Antoinette Davini. Eleanor Ginno is the new Yell Leader, and Iris Young the President of the W.A.A. Irene Resler was elected Associate Editor of the "Vigilante", and Dorothea Schaeffer the Associate Business Manager.

The new officers were installed Thursday, December 20, by the outgoing officers. Since this means of installing the officers proved a great success, it is hoped that it will establish a precedent.

## GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has been organized for the term and promises to be a great success. It will furnish many interesting programs during the semester. The club meets every Tuesday afternoon in Room 1 from four to five o'clock. New members are always welcome.

## W.A.A. NEWS

The new officers of the W.A.A. are: President, Iris Young; Vice-President, Ted Ginno; Recording Secretary, Pat Pardee; and Secretary-Treasurer, Carol Chapman. At the meeting of the W.A.A. on January 22 a new constitution was adopted.

## DRAMATIC CLUB ORGANIZED

A Dramatic Club for S.F.S.T.C! You've wanted one all along, girls, and here it is. Dot Prentice, our worthy president, decided we couldn't do without one any longer, and appointed Florence Wiggins to get the names of all girls interested in joining. Two hundred signed up in record-breaking time; only twenty appeared at the first meeting. However, the twenty were declared charter members, and proceeded to elect their officers. They are: President, Florence Wiggins; Vice-President, Mary Jane Garrison; Treasurer, Alice Armstrong; Secretary, Aileen Corrida; Publicity Agent, Alberta Rennie. The secretary is also chairman of a Board of Directors, which is made up of the following girls: B. Widmer, M. Loftus and B. O'Hagen. This Board, together with the Student Body President and the officers of the club, will pass judgment on all plays, tryouts, and membership applications.

The Dramatic Club aims to present, from time to time, to the Student Body the best of the modern plays, and also plays written by students. Watch posters for our first production!

## DRAMATIC CLUB MEETING

At the second meeting of the Dramatic Club on Wednesday, January 23, the first plays to be presented to the Student Body were decided upon. They are "Sir David Wears a Crown" (which is a sequel to "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"), and "Tickless Time", a one-act comedy. Tryouts for the several parts were held and the casts selected. We expect big things from the Dramatic Club.

## VALENTINE PARTY

The Student Body will give a big Valentine Party February 14 to welcome the class of February '24. The Dramatic Club will present two plays, and there will be dancing and refreshments. A good time is promised everyone. Don't miss it!



Ladies of Leisure

#### ABOUT THE "PEWS"

It must be admitted, in the first place, that the "Pews" are very inviting. They fairly cry to be sat upon for a friendly chat. Even our mascot can't seem to resist them, but is often seen curled there in purry content. And as Mrs. McKay once said--"Bless your heart, what are benches for?" But even so, it does not give visitors a fair impression of the college to see the "Pews" crowded with girls. And besides, it disturbs those who are trying to study in the library.

What is to be done? You must have a place to meet and talk with your friends; for friendships are a very essential part of school life. The problem is to find meeting places other than the "Pews". It has been suggested that the Rest Room, Drawing Room, and Committee Room be used in place of the "Pews". Are you willing, girls? Remember, it is for the good of the college.

#### A WORD FROM OUR PRESIDENT

With your cooperation we hope to make this term a very successful one. Because Guild practice starts very soon, the Student Body rallies will be few; but this term there are any number of activities to take their place. We have successfully, so far, organized a Dramatic Club, and I am sure the club's productions will more than take the place of the rallies. The beginning of this term has been very promising. Miss Crumpton's conferences have been especially helpful, and we have already accomplished a number of things. I hope every one will turn out for our big Valentine Party on February 14. Give us your enthusiasm and support and we will make this term one to be remembered.

Dorothy Prentice.

#### HELPFUL CONFERENCES HELD

Every Wednesday at twelve o'clock, Miss Crumpton holds a conference in the auditorium for all unassigned girls. Vital subjects concerning the welfare of the college are discussed, everyone taking part. If you want to know how you can help your school in a very real way, be sure to come to these conferences.

#### NEW GIRLS TO ENTER FEB. 4

On February 4, new girls will enter S.E.T.C. From the moment they step through the door, we want them to feel the atmosphere that prevades this college. First of all, we want them to find that they are among friends, who are never too busy to help them in any way possible. Then they must be properly introduced to this rambling building of ours--shown every nook and corner, and made to feel at home. Soon they will be studying, teaching, joining in Student Body affairs--one with us! Of course it is very essential that they grasp the ideals of the college. They will come at an opportune time for Guild is very near. All we can do is to let them know, somehow, that they are entering a field that is very big and real and beautiful. And leave the rest to Guild!

COOPERATE!!!



CLASS ELECTIONS

During the first week of the new semester the following officers were elected by the various classes: August '22 elected Murial Roberts President, Atila Dorfell Secretary, and Dena Robinson Yell Leader. January '23 elected Hazel Wadsworth President, Enez Schaertzer Vice President, Edith Behrens Secretary, and Vera Houghton Treasurer. The class of August '23 chose for President Ethel Bryant, for Secretary Mary Jane Garrison, and for Yell Leader Yolanda Yetter.

JAN. '23 GIVES PARTY

The class of January '23 gave a party at the Sienna Club Thursday night, January 10. An enjoyable time was spent in playing games and in dancing. During the dinner the election of new officers was held, Florence Wiggins presiding. At the close of the evening all who attended the party declared it a huge success. Who says January '23 is asleep?

STUDENT BODY MEETING

A Student Body Meeting, consisting of Student Body officers and the various class presidents, was held January 22. The committee elected Miss Holman as faculty advisor. It then considered amending the method of voting, and decided to bring the point up at the next meeting.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Tickets are on sale for the Symphony Concerts to be given in the Civic Auditorium on February 4, February 28, and March 12. Every girl should avail herself of this wonderful opportunity to hear the best music at so reasonable a price. Make up your parties and hand in the names to Mrs. McCauley. But hurry, as there are not many tickets left!

FACULTY NOTES

On December 22 Miss Dorothy Bernard was married to Mr. Wallace Craig chemical engineer of the Union Oil Company. Both being Stanford graduates, they were married in the Stanford Chapel. Their home is in Oakland. We wish Mrs. Craig every happiness.

Everyone will be sorry to learn that Dr. Richards will not be with us again, as she is opening offices in the city as a consulting psychologist. Owing to business complications resulting from the change, she has been forced to postpone her trip to New York.

Several of the faculty members are on their vacations and two are many miles away. Miss McFadden is in Chicago, while Miss Whitehead is in little ol' New York. Miss Casebolt is also on her vacation but she visits S.F.S.T.C. quite frequently. Mr. Boulware is away and his arithmetic classes are steering for themselves.

Mr. Anderson took part in the Commonwealth Club's "Mysteries" and proved to be quite an actor. We hope his success along this line will not make him leave us for the stage.

The whole school feels the deepest sympathy for Miss Talbert and Mrs. McCauley in their sorrow.

Everyone was shocked to learn, a few days ago, that Miss England was knocked down by a motorist, and as a result has a broken leg. She is at the Alta Bates Hospital. We will all miss her terribly.

In S.F.S.T.C. there are many "who care" about the poor of the city. A number of the faculty are working for the Community Chest. They are: Miss Alderson, Miss Anderson, Miss Hale, Miss Levy, Mrs. Spozio, Miss Thompson, and Miss Vance. Mrs. Monroe has charge of all contributions to the Community Chest in this college.

PERSONALS

We hear that Evelyn Jensen is engaged.

Edna Gunzberger, and Esther Aase have been absent from illness. We are glad to hear they are recovering.



THE VIGILANTE STAFF

Editor-in-chief----Kate Mercado  
 Associate Editor---Irene Resler  
 Business Manager-Annette Shraft  
 Associate Bus.Mgr.--D.Schaeffer  
 Literary-----Ada Aebli  
                   Aileen Corridan  
 Athletics-----Dorothy Taggart  
                   Iris Young  
 Jokes-----Hazel Wadsworth  
 Art-----Germain Pouydesseau  
                   Bernice McCrystle  
                   Virginia Wilson  
 Faculty Advisor-----Mrs. Myers  
                   CONTRIBUTORS

Edith Behrens Dorothy Prentice  
 A. Davini Emily Roberson  
 Ada Hill Opal Sizemore  
 Ida Loughlin Annie Ziehn

TYPING

Irene M. Resler

RUMOR

Long ago, when all the  
 witches died on earth, a few  
 escaped. One of them, an ugly  
 creature, has been discovered  
 linking about this college.  
 Her name is Rumor. She loves  
 to whisper things that set peo-  
 ple to guessing and wondering  
 and worrying. She loves to tell  
 of things that have never hap-  
 pened and never will happen,  
 and especially to twist the  
 truth until it cannot be rec-  
 ognized. And once she begins  
 her rounds, it is hard to tell  
 where she will stop.

There is an angel who can  
 conquer her; his name is Un-  
 derstanding. He shows people  
 what things are being done and  
 explains the reasons why. He  
 reveals the truth to everyone.  
 He has a gentle sister, whose  
 name is Confidence. Is Rumor  
 to molest this college? Or is  
 Understanding to be allowed to  
 banish the witch forever?

YOUR PAPER

With this issue the "Vig-  
 ilante" begins its second year.  
 The spirit of those girls who  
 launched the paper and set its

ENGLISH ELECTIVE

Have you chosen English as your  
 elective? Those who have will be in-  
 terested to know that the require-  
 ments have been definitely decided  
 upon by the faculty. The first and  
 most important requirement of appli-  
 cants is a genuine enjoyment and ap-  
 preciation of good literature, es-  
 tablished by the reading habit. None  
 without this quality will be allowed  
 to enter the field. Completion of  
 all essential English courses, in ad-  
 dition to one hundred and eight hours  
 of work in literature, is also re-  
 quired. At present there is no teach-  
 ing to be done, but special work in  
 dramatics, conference assisting, and  
 work on the "Vigilante" is possible  
 to those who are really interested.  
 The English department strongly re-  
 commends consistent work on the col-  
 lege paper to those who have chosen  
 this elective. All applicants must  
 hand in a written request, stating  
 reasons for their choice, to Mrs.  
 Myers.

PICTURES WANTED

Here is a chance to help "the  
 other fellow". Pictures of certain  
 well-known writers are desired by  
 the members of the Literature IX  
 class of last section to complete a  
 very valuable scrap book. The list  
 of the authors' names is posted on  
 Mrs. Myer's bulletin board. Look in  
 your old magazines, clip the desired  
 pictures, and send them in to Mrs.  
 Myer's office.

standards is well worthy of praise.  
 It is now up to us to carry on the  
 good work.

The "Vigilante" is your paper.  
 It is just as big and fine as you  
 want to make it. The staff cannot do  
 all the work. Everyone must contrib-  
 ute if the "Vigilante" is to grow  
 and to become a vital part of the  
 college.

It does not take literary tal-  
 ent to write for the paper. Anyone  
 can hand in news and opinions. We  
 need your ideas, your suggestions,  
your support. Everyone contribute!

WORK GIVES US THESE

Work gives us these--  
 The eyes to see the beauty of  
 our task;  
 The power to seek and draw near  
 to our dream;  
 The hope to get from earth all  
 that we ask;  
 The strength to bear each trouble  
 tho it seem  
 The load is great.

Work gives us these--  
 The comradeship of those who  
 strive  
 For that ideal toward which our  
 heart is set;  
 The bravery to keep our hope  
 alive  
 When darkness and discouragement  
 are met  
 On every side.

Work gives us these--  
 The right to rest; to find our  
 peace  
 In seeing nature's work in skies  
 and hills,  
 In misty surf and sunshine thru  
 the trees;  
 And eagerness with early dawn  
 to rise  
 Again to work! (Ada Lebli)

MINUTES TO SPARE

Don't hurry thru school with a  
 frown on your face,  
 With never a minute to spare;  
 For a word and a smile are always  
 worth while--  
 Make things pleasant by doing  
 your share.

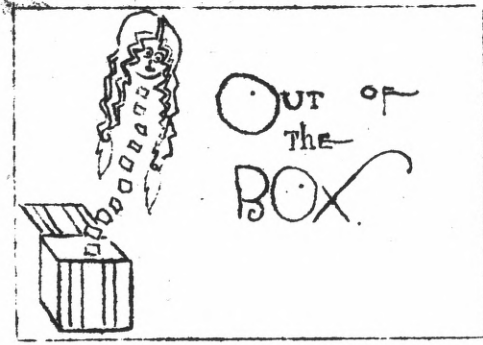
There are others with lessons as  
 hard as your own,  
 Heads aching and weary with pain;  
 Who are waiting to hear just a  
 word of good cheer--  
 Will you let them be waiting in  
 vain?

There is sunshine for us in this  
 school of our choice,  
 But we'll have to go after our  
 share;  
 We'll miss it of course if we're  
 hurried or cross,  
 With never a minute to spare.

TINKER BELL'S MESSAGE

There once was a boy,  
 An imaginative boy,  
 Who went to school--  
 Grown-ups insisted--  
 And the teacher kept saying,  
 "Pay attention, Paul!"  
 Which was rather stupid  
 As that was exactly  
 What the boy was doing--  
 Paying attention  
 To the things that went on  
 In the Neverland,  
 And obeying his captain  
 Peter Pan, the inimitable.  
 And just as something  
 Terribly exciting  
 Was taking place,  
 The teacher would say,  
 "Pay attention, Paul!"  
 Everything, of course,  
 Would then be spoilt,  
 And that seemed to be  
 What the teacher wanted.  
 To put it in a nutshell,  
 The boy soon grew  
 To pay attention,  
 In a dull sort of way,  
 To the stupid things  
 That went on in the schoolroom.  
 He seldom visited  
 The Neverland,  
 And forgot all about  
 Peter Pan, his captain.  
 And I'm telling you this  
 Not because it's wrong--  
 More wrong than you know--  
 But because there's an idea  
 Somewhere afloat  
 That the dull schoolroom  
 Can be transformed  
 Into a Neverland,  
 And that the teacher  
 Can herself obey  
 The great Peter Pan.  
 I think that is really  
 A capital idea--  
 You're improving, grown-ups!  
 (Signed) Tinker Bell

So come, fellow teachers, be  
 cheerful and bright,  
 With sunshine and pleasure abound;  
 Don't look up your store, you'll  
 enjoy it much more  
 If you scatter a little around!  
 O.L.S.



#### WITH APOLOGIES TO POE

In a dark, mysterious hallway, lighted only by a pale, weird glow, near huge white tablets bearing unintelligible human scratchings, hange--hangs, I say--a poor, forgotten thing with a steel nail through its head. Its hungry mouth is gaping wide; but of all the many beings who hurry past on unknown missions or pore over the strange scratchings on the tablets, there is none to offer substance to the starved thing on the wall.

"Why does no one heed thee?" I asked hoarsely, drawing near. "That is it that thou cravest? Tell me!"

The neglected thing trembled, until the steel nail rattled, in its head. Then the gaping mouth spoke, and its voice was dull and hollow. "I crave IDEAS!" And to the farthest end of the hall resounded "ideas!" The gaping mouth moved again. "I am denied them because there is no SPIRIT!" "Spirit!" echoed my fevered brain.

Then a cold, damp wind swept by me. I closed my eyes, and shuddered. When I opened them what was my horror to see across the forehead of the thing that had uttered those awful words, a name! I leaned forward and read, "THE VIGILANTE BOX". Then I fainted.

#### BEWARE OF BOB

Who is this strange young man, Bob, whom all the girls are falling for?

#### A COMMUTER'S LIFE

Although only those who have passed through the marvelous experience of being a commuter can ever appreciate the life, one of them now attempts to reveal some of the trials and tribulations of the Ferry Sisters of the S.F.S.T.C..

In the wee, small hours of every week-day morn, commuters of all kinds and descriptions peer forth from their respective homes to see if the rest of the clan has ventured out yet. As soon as a familiar form appears in the horizon, doors begin to open and slam and sleepy-looking individuals come running. Some are putting on overcoats and hats; while others are trying to tie shoe laces while hopping along on one foot. If a special friend is seen ahead, the one behind yells to her; the friend turns around and waves wildly to hurry up all the while running backward until she bumps into someone or something. This delay is opportunity for her friend, for she can now catch up.

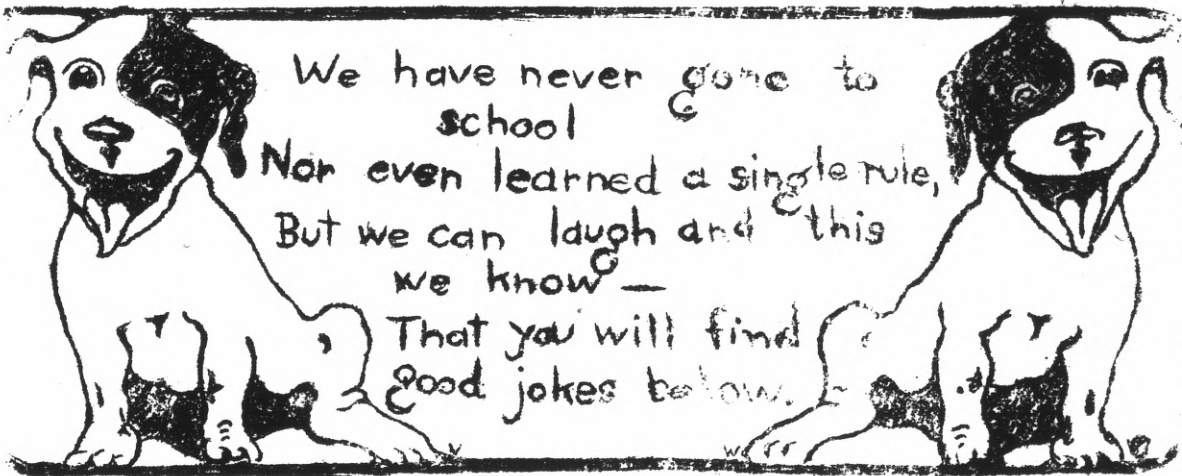
At last the despairing friends reach the station. Not a train in sight. What can be the matter? Ah! Minutes pass, while anxious brows become more wrinkled than ever. At last the train wanders into view. Everyone clambers on board and tries to find places for friends. Now begins the studying from shaking books and the writing with wobbling hands.

When the boat is reached, our friends make for the (in winter) freezing front end of the boat-for they have to be the first ones off to get to school in time. After the boat docks in S.F., there is a grand rush for a Market Street car. On the car every time a stop is made, agonized looks are cast at the conductor-as if he could speed the car through town just for their benefit.

No need to tell the sighs of relief when Buchanan is reached by the laggards of our school, who dislike exceedingly to get up twenty minutes earlier in order to miss all this hustling and bustling (which really they enjoy!)

A.Z.



HABIT

Last night I dreamt I died,  
And stood at Heaven's gate;  
They led me to an office  
To learn about my fate.

I stood before an angel  
Who read from out a book  
Wherein were earthly records--  
Oh how I longed to look!

And it was only habit  
That made me feebly say  
Unto the shining angel,  
"Please, Sir, am I O.K.?"

For hours they had been to-  
gether on her front porch. The  
moon cast its tender gleam down  
on the young and handsome cou-  
ple who sat strangely apart.  
He sixed. She sixed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear",  
he said. "I'd travel".

Impulsively she slipped  
her hand into his; then rising,  
she sped into the house.

Aghast he looked at his  
hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

Young Teacher: "Now children,  
watch the board while I go  
through it."

Sign in a small bakery: "Please  
do not touch the bread as it  
is not sanitary".

COULD YOU?

Dr. Ripens deplors the fact  
that the present generation have not  
"learned their Alice". He put us all  
to shame, not long ago, by quoting  
offhand part of the following:

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that  
catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought--  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And while in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling thru the tulgay wood,  
And burred as it came!

One, two! One, two! And thru and thru  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

from "Through the Looking-Glass"